**Downing Motions**
Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/76810201.

**Rating:**
Mature

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**Category:**
F/F

**Fandoms:**
ウマ娘 プリティーダービー | Uma Musume: Pretty Derby (Video Game), ウマ娘 プリティーダービー | Uma Musume: Pretty Derby (Anime), ウマ娘 | Uma Musume - All Media Types

**Relationships:**
Dream Journey/Trainer (Uma Musume), Dream Journey (Uma Musume)/Reader

**Characters:**
Dream Journey (Uma Musume), Trainer (Uma Musume), Reader

**Additional Tags:**
Implied/Referenced Character Death, Blood, Murder, Domestic, Animal Traits, Reader-Insert

**Language:**
English

**Stats:**
Published: 2025-12-31 Words: 715 Chapters: 1/1

# Downing Motions

by Bordementions

Summary

Journey fucking kills someone

Notes

This was from a bit ago when I was trying to write this like crossover thing with journey as some particular serial killer from a media I really liked because she really fit them

But I never got around to it so here's the really small draft given a rushed ending

If you know what show this is then feel free to guess tee hee I'll let you know if you get it cause I LOVE THIS SHOW SOOOOO MCUH it has a book too

https://discord.gg/XqJzJ6ByTz

The clock on the wall of the darkened living room ticked with a slow, rhythmic precision that felt like a countdown. You sat on the sofa, the television off, the only light coming from the pale moon filtering through the curtains of the Tracen Academy faculty housing.

You hadn’t even bothered to turn on a lamp. You didn't need to see to know that the space beside you in bed was cold, and had been for hours.

Dream Journey was many things—a brilliant racer, a great student, a girl who prized control and predictability above all else—but she was also a phantom.

The soft click of the front door’s lock was almost imperceptible. Then, the sound shoes—usually so rhythmic—stumbling slightly on the hardwood. You didn't move. You didn't breathe.

She stepped into the living room, her small frame silhouetted against the hallway light. She stopped the moment she realized you were there. There was no gasp, no startle. She simply stood there, even as the metallic scent of fresh blood began to fill the small room.

"Trainer-san," she said, her voice as smooth and polite as if she were greeting you at the academy. "It’s quite late. Or perhaps, quite early. You really should be in bed. Rest is essential for your health, you know."

You stood up, your knees popping in the silence. You reached for the lamp and clicked it on. The light was blinding for a second, but when your eyes adjusted, the breath left your lungs.

Journey was a vision of disgusting horror. Her tracksuit was ruined, soaked through with dark, blossoming stains. Splatters of crimson decorated her pale face like macabre freckles, one particularly thick streak cutting across the bridge of her silver-rimmed glasses. Her hands were encased in translucent plastic gloves, now stained a deep, opaque red.

"Journey," you said, your voice remarkably steady despite the pounding in your chest. "What have you been doing?"

She looked down at herself, then back at you, a gentle, patient smile playing on her lips. "I’m sorry if I worried you. I merely had some business to attend to. There were a couple friends of mine who required a more thorough explanation regarding the upcoming race

season. I went to talk to them."

"You went to talk to them," you repeated, walking toward her. The distance between you closed until you could see the blue gradient of her irises behind the blood-flecked glass. "Journey, you are covered in blood. You're wearing plastic gloves. Don't lie to me. Not tonight."

She tilted her head, her large, fluffy ears twitching once. She didn't look guilty; she looked like a teacher disappointed in a student's lack of comprehension. "Lie? Trainer-san, I would never do anything to intentionally hurt our relationship. I simply believe in being thorough. Some journeys require the clearing of obstacles so that the path remains smooth for both of us."

She reached up with a gloved hand, then hesitated. With a small snap, she peeled the stained plastic from her right hand, revealing the pale, clean skin beneath. She reached into her pocket, withdrew a pristine white handkerchief, and meticulously wiped a stray droplet of red from her knuckles.

"I'll be back in bed shortly," she murmured, stepping into your personal space. The height difference was immense, but in this moment, she felt like the one towering over you. She reached up, her fingers cool and steady, and brushed a stray lock of hair behind your ear. Her touch was tender, terrifyingly so. "I just need to tidy up. I wouldn't want to ruin the linens."

She leaned in, the faint scent of her cedar perfume mixing with the iron tang of the blood. She reached out and lightly tapped you on the nose with her index finger—a playful, familiar gesture that felt entirely surreal.

"Go back to sleep, Trainer-san," she whispered, her eyes locking onto yours with an intensity that promised… a lot of things. "Everything is under control. I've made sure of it. For our sake."

She turned and began walking toward the bathroom, her tail swaying behind her with its usual elegant rhythm, leaving you standing in the light of a single lamp, wondering exactly whose blood was currently being washed down the drain.

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